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McKean County Miner

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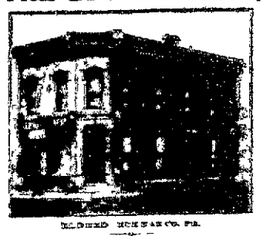

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Smethport, Pa. April 25, 1883

Select Poetry.

A DAY DREAM.

In a book forgotten parted,
I read up with a silken hand,
I found it only a letter
Traced in a girlish hand.
I went it over and over
Oh me! as I did before
In the days that were full of sunlight
The days that are no more

I dreamed of a golden summer,
Far back in a joyous time,
When every day was a poem
And every hour a rhyme.
There came a fragrance of roses,
And blent and mingled the
And a sound of soft as music,
As the eyes that are with me yet.

A cloud of purple sunset
In scintillant glory came,
Till the deepest forest hustled
As I turned like a flood of flame
There came a girlish figure,
With tresses of floating hair,
And she bent her face above me—
An angel over my chair!

I saw it all in a moment,
While I held a crumpled sheet,
And there as the victim faint
The long, gray, city street.
With its hatchet rush and clamor
Came back to my weary eyes,
As it ill the ruthless struggle
Oh still the worthless prize!

Miscellaneous.

THE PASSENGER'S STORY.

The night mail upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad had reached the heavy up grade a few miles beyond Kanaktia station when it became evident to the passengers that something had gone decidedly wrong. The speed of the train sensibly slackened there came a series of irregular jolts, accompanied by a furious and unpleasant whirring sound, followed in turn by a complete stoppage. A dozen heads were thrust inquisitively out of the car windows, and as many voices insisted upon knowing all about it immediately. In these days of magnificent collisions and holocausts, the traveling public exhibits an astonishing amount of interest in railway concerns to the great scorn and indignation of all officials connected.

'You have nothing to fear,' said the conductor, who passed through the car superb in gold buttons and official dignity. 'We have struck on up grade where an oil train stopped an hour ago. The tracks are oiled and the drivers don't take hold. We shall get the sand running in half a minute.'

It was doubtless clear enough to those who understood such matters, but to me the explanation was mere jargon. As somebody said to Coleridge's countenance up upon his poem 'Christabel' I wish'ed he would explain his explanation.

The gentleman who occupied the seat immediately in front of me a fine, mild-de aged man with an erect military air seemed to have no difficulty in making out the state of affairs. He smiled, and nodded with an exceedingly knowing look and was preparing to settle himself comfortably in his seat again when I tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

'Excuse me, sir but what has happened? The conductor's explanation is Chinese to me. What does he mean by the track being oiled?'

The gentleman turned around so as to face me.

'It is a simple matter,' he said, courteously, to those who have an idea of railroad affairs. The power of an engine depends upon the friction of the drivers on the tracks—taking hold as it is called. If there is oil upon the rails, especially upon an up grade there is no friction, consequently the wheels simply spin around upon the track without moving the train.'

'Ah, said I, 'I comprehend.'

'I could illustrate the case by an event which occurred to me upon this very spot some years ago. I have always thought it a remarkable incident, and perhaps you may find it so. The circumstances I refer to,' he continued, took place during the war. I was at the time Adjutant upon Gen. Thomas' staff during the exciting and momentous campaign in the mountains of Tennessee. If you remember there were many times when it was feared that our last hour had come. Our communications were repeatedly cut off, and our wheels commanded in danger of instant destruction. It was one of those times that the events I will relate, occurred.

'We were at this time intrenched upon a spur of the hills around Chattanooga, whither we had been driven by the desperate courage of the confederates. Our own men had fought nobly and well, but they were exhausted with long marches and constant action. Our stores had run low, and but one line of communication was left to us—that of the railroad into the eastern part of the state. By a brilliant flank movement, the confederates succeeded in throwing a line across the one highway; and there we were, bemmed in like a woodchuck in his burrow. Starvation or surrender stared us in the face. One or the other of these alternatives we must accept in a few days at most, unless some unexpected change took place very speedily.

'It is perhaps difficult for us to comprehend the feelings of a commander, hitherto successful, and with the fate, perhaps, of a nation depending upon his action, placed in such a position as our General was. I saw his face grow hourly more pale and despairing, his step slower and more feeble and his whole air that of a man whose heart and spirit were breaking under the strain. But Thomas was not the man to yield until every resource had been sounded to the bottom. And there was still one resource yet left—a very desperate and almost hopeless one, it is true.

'Forty miles to the eastward of us, by Rockford's command of nearly 60,000 men, unwary unconscious of our danger and their own. Several days before, Stanikes had been directed to occupy a pass in the mountains on the left, and to hold it until further orders. Of course, unaware of the predicament of the main army, he would make no movement to our relief. Communications were cut off, and it seemed a matter of impossibility to re-open them through the heavy lines of confederates, which lay across the railroad. General Thomas, however, determined to try it, and I was selected for the dangerous and honorable duty of the attempt.

'We had reason to suppose that the enemy had not destroyed the railroad, and that if we were not captured at the outset we might get an engine through to Kanaktia station, where Stanikes lay.

'At half-past ten o'clock my orders were given me, and I mounted the engine which was either to carry me to my death or save the army. It was not a powerful machine, but it was the best at our disposal, and in good order, fortunately. One of our men who had been an engineer, undertook to manage the engine, and another to fire it. Both were cool, tried men, but as we stepped into the cab together, I saw them shake hands with their comrades, and bid them farewell. Evidently neither of them expected to get through alive.

Put in a couple of extra tallow cans, John,' said the engineer. 'We are going to make time, and I expect the old machinery will heat up finally.'

The cans were stowed away in the caboose, the engineer opened the throttle valve, and amid an impressive silence in the crowd surrounding the starting point we moved slowly away. About two miles distant lay the first battery which the enemy had thrown up to command the road; beyond that were several more, to my nothing of several pickets lines massed along the border. So you will perceive we were to run a pretty warm gauntlet.'

We had proceeded but a very short distance when there was a flash and a report from the shrubbery skirting the road and a bullet crashed through the window of the cab. An out-post had already discovered us and had given us a foretaste of what we were to expect further on.

'Let her out?' I said to the engineer. 'There is no use in trying to hide ourselves. Speed is our only chance now.'

Very good, sir,' replied the engineer, opening the valve as he spoke. The engine bounded like a spurred horse. On we went, swaying from side to side, until it seemed as if we must jump the track. Meanwhile our enemies along the road were not idle. Bullet after bullet whistled by us, but fortunately, what with the darkness and the rapidity of our motion, none of them reached us.

'We had now arrived in sight of the first battery. By the lights moving hurriedly along the parapet, it was obvious that our approach was expected. As we passed abreast the battery it gave us its first compliment in the shape of a round shot followed by a storm of grape. Here again the darkness and our speed saved us. Several of the grape shot glanced off the frame of the engine without doing any damage.

Give her some more fire, John, said the engineer grimly. 'If she happen to knock a hole in us with one of them bits of iron you won't be no more firing, my boy I can tell you that.'

'Not in this world, anyway, responded the fireman, with saturnine humor. 'Can't tell what I may do in the next world, William.'

'The reckless bravery of the two men in the face of such danger, shamed away my own arising tremor, and I folded my arms and looked toward the battery, which was evidently preparing to give us another salute. It came in the shape of a conical shot, with so true an aim that it whizzed within a foot of the boiler and carried off the bell, which fell with a clang among the bushes.

Thank you, said the engineer with a grin. 'We don't need the bell, anyhow. You can use it yourself, to ring to dinner with.'

By this time we had passed out of range of the first battery, and were under the guns of two more. These works had been constructed to command the junction of our road and another running south. There was also a station at this point, and, as we whirled by, I saw an engine standing upon a siding, with steam up.

'I caught sight of a number of men running toward it, as well as others busy with a car that stood near it. What they were doing I could not make out, for we gained like a flash of lightning. At this moment, too, the batteries which had probably received telegraphic notice of our approach, opened fire upon us, and for a moment the air seemed to be alive with shrieking iron.

'More fire, John,' cried the engineer, 'ram her full to the door or it's all up with us.'

II.

'The fireman stooped to obey, but as that moment a shell struck upon the caboose, and burst within three feet of us. It was a ten inch monster, and how any of us escaped alive, I fail to see. As it was, when the dust and smoke cleared away, I found the top of the cab gone, and a portion of the caboose torn off, and the fireman lying in a heap on the floor, with his arm broken.

'I'm knocked out, Wallman,' he groaned, 'and now who's to fire her for the rest of the trip?'

'I will, I said. I think I can manage it.'

After placing the poor fellow in as comfortable a position as possible, I seized the shovel and began my new duties.

'By this time we had passed out of range of the batteries, which now and then sent a sullen shot in our direction, as a parting evidence of their good will.

'We are safe!' I said with a sigh of relief, that was their last line of works. The road is clear before us.'

'I hope so sir,' responded the engineer. 'How is your arm, John?'

'Very bad, William,' groaned the fireman; 'but that ain't the worst of it. We ain't through the worst of it yet.

'What do you mean?' I asked. 'The scouts say that there are no troops beyond us, except our own at Kanaktia station.'

'But they are following us,' replied the poor fireman. 'They are after us hot and heavy.'

'I looked at the engineer under the impression that the fireman was in a delirium with his injury.

'He's right, Captain,' said the engineer, listening intently. 'Sure as fate they have pulled out that engine we saw at the junction, and are chasing us.'

'But there is no possibility of their overtaking us,' I replied.

'I don't know about that,' he said, gravely. 'That engine is a heavy one, and I have seen her make fifty miles an hour with a train behind her. This one is a light machine, and I can't promise more than forty at the most. Besides they have a car attached, and we are running alone.'

'I should suppose that our lightness would be in our favor then otherwise,' I suggested.

'Got something to balance her,' grunted the fireman, sententiously.

'John is right,' explained the engineer. 'You see, sir, that an engine has no weight behind her, else to say to jump and pound the rails, and, if you put her at full speed, go off the track altogether. So, while that engine behind us can do her level best, we can't even let her out to forty miles, without the danger of a smashup.'

'I now comprehend the extent of our peril. We had only run the gauntlet of Scylla to be more effectually destroyed by Charybdis. To have been killed by a round of shot from the fort, would have been, at least, a soldier's death. To be run down and picked off coolly like ducks in a puddle, was, to put it mildly, a decidedly undignified way of settling accounts with the world. As for surrender, I am certain that neither of my comrades thought of it as a means of escape, any more than I did. A sacred trust, involving the fate of an army, perhaps of a nation, has been placed with us. To yield it to any but the skeleton hand of death itself was a notion which never entered our heads. It was then life, and more than life hung upon the issue, and it was with such sensations as came to few men's experience, that we listened to the dull roar of the approaching engine.

'Meanwhile our own little machine was not idle. I had kept the furnace at a white heat. The steam, pent up in the boiler, groaned and wheezed like the breathings of an imprisoned giant. The wheels spun around upon the tracks, crashing from side to side, until there were moments when even the engineer peered with a startled eye out of the side window at the complicated mechanism below. As we passed over a long trestle bridge across a wide marsh, I saw emerging from the shadows at the other end, the black form of the pursuing engine, followed by the car, through whose lightened windows a crowd of armed men were visible. Here we had a momentary advantage, for desperate as our enemies might be, their engineer dared not carry his weighty engine over the light framework as rapidly as we had gone. It was but a trifling gain however, for once on the solid road bed again, the monster came on at redoubled speed.

More fire, Captain,' muttered the engineer at this moment. On this grade we must do our best, or it will be over in five minutes.'

'I opened the furnace door and began to shovel in the coal. Upon the instant there was a flash and a report from the cab window of the pursuing train and a rifle ball smashed the clock in our cab within an inch of the engineer's head.

'The flames give them a fine mark,' observed the engineer calmly. 'That ball was meant for me, and but for the swaying of the engine, it would have hit, too.'

'I completed my task as speedily as possible, and closed the furnace door.—We were now in darkness again, and if a ball reached us it must be by accident. Our enemies made no further attempt, however, confident, doubtless, of running us down very shortly. And well they might be. We had ten miles yet to run before reaching a point where they would themselves be in danger of destruction from our own division at Kanaktia. During the last ten miles they had decreased the distance one-half and running as we now were, it would be all up with us in five miles more.

Is there nothing we can do?' I asked anxiously.

'Pitch something on the track,' said the fireman from his corner. 'Maybe you can catch their wheels. Try one these fire bars.'

'It's a good idea, John,' replied the engineer. 'Perhaps you can make the experiment, Captain.'

'I seized one of the heavy bars, a piece of metal as thick as a crowbar, and ten feet long, and clambering over the coal in the caboose, leaned down and dropped the bar as nearly across the track as I could. Heaven forgive me! But with what interest I waited for some crash or outcry which should signal the destruction of our pursuers! In a moment there was a sharp clang along the rails behind us, and a crackling in the bushes lining the road.

'She has hitched it off,' said the engineer. 'Try my heavy overcoat. I've known a piece of cloth like that to get among the wheels and jam them so you couldn't stir them an inch.'

'I did as directed. The garment fell across the track, and exactly where the forward trucks would strike it. Presently there was a heavy jolting sound behind us and a shrill escape of steam. 'Caught!' cried the engineer. 'If it has only wedged into the piston bar, they may not work it out.'

'Some accident had certainly happened to our enemies, for all sounds of pursuit rapidly died away, and we began to breathe freer. We had now reached a point within five miles of Kanaktia, in two or three more we should be within the line of our outposts. At this moment I saw the engineer lean outward and listen again, intently.

'What is it?' I asked.

'After us again,' he said, quietly. 'The coat merely retarded them a little. There they are.'

'I could now plainly perceive the black figure of the engine, emitting white clouds of steam into the pale night sky, whirling swiftly around a curve not sixty rods behind. Angered with the delay, and knowing that if we were to be captured at all it must be within the next ten minutes, they were gaining more rapidly than ever. We were at the foot of this very up grade where we now are. It extends for nearly three miles beyond Kahalia, and is one of the heaviest in the country. It was at this point that our fate was decided. From the moment we ran up it, our light engine began to lose ground hopelessly. Our pursuers were now so near that we could plainly observe the movements of those in the engine cab by the light of their guage lamp. The platform of the car was crowded with men, cocking their carabets and making ready for an exterminating volley.

'Oh, for five minutes more!' I exclaimed. It is horrible to be trapped or killed in sight of friends and safety.'

'Yes,' muttered the engineer, 'there is no hope now. When they fire there won't be much left of us. And they will in half a minute.'

'I've an idea,' said the fireman, arising stiffly from his corner. 'I can't fire the machine, I can't fight, but I've one arm left, and that'll hold her steady while you and William are putting a spoke in their wheel.'

'But how?' cried the engineer. 'Speak quick, John, moments are gold now.'

'Where are the tallow cans we put on board?' asked the fireman.

'Bravo, John, just the thing,' exclaimed the engineer, as if perceiving a meaning of the other's words which escaped me utterly.

'Captain, those dispatches are, and you owe it to John, for I should never have thought of it in a lifetime.'

'By this time the fireman was standing at the valves, and the engineer had found the tallow cans, two brass vessels each holding a gallon or more, with long curved spouts. One of these he gave to me, while he kept the other himself, and we scrambled over the coal to the rear of the tender. I had not the remotest idea of what we were going to accomplish, and there was no time to lose in any explanation.

'Now,' said my companion, in an excited tone, 'lean over and pour your tallow on the track as we go along. Don't waste a drop, and don't leave a foot of rail unoiled.'

'I obeyed him in silence, and soon the rails for a long distance behind us were shining with the thick, greasy fluid. When the contents of the cans were exhausted the engineer said, as he arose from his cramped position.

'I think we've fixed them. John, old man, you can ease her as a little. We need not smash the machine with trying to get away. We shall have no more trouble to night.'

'I looked back and saw that our pursuers had just reached the oiled section of the track. Their own momentum carried them forward some distance, and then there was a harsh, whirring sound, and a furious escape of steam. All was plain to us, now. On the up grade, the drivers, finding no resistance on the oiled track, simply whirled around without bearing the engine on a foot. It was as helpless as a lumbering elephant.

'At this instant a shot was fired in the road before us, and a hoarse voice commanded us to halt. Well aware that we were now among friends, our engine was stopped and the facts explained to the officer in command of the detachment.

There is little more to relate. Our pursuers and their engine were neatly captured. Stockton's division made a forward movement, and relieved Thomas and his army from their perilous position. As for myself and my brave companions, we were not forgotten, and I am glad to say that the inventive John, whose timely suggestion had saved our engine, and perhaps our army, left the service with the rank of Captain, in the engineer corps.'

Having finished his story, and our train at the same time beginning to move on, my interesting companion wrapped himself up in his cloak, and was soon asleep.

Cleaning a Lioness.

Louisville Democrat.

From Texas G. W. Palmer came to Colorado and began to hunt and depend deer for a livelihood. He throws the lasso with the accuracy of a rifleman. Up on Hardscrabble Mountain a few days ago he lassoed before a half eaten deer that had been killed by a mountain lion. With a knowledge of the beast and its habits, Palmer concluded that there was a lioness and her cub near by, and he determined to capture her, and, returning to his cabin, a short distance away, he procured several ropes. Fully equipped, he proceeded cautiously, and finally discovered the lioness with her cub beneath a projecting rock.

It was then that he motioned to his son, who followed at his heels to stop, and instructing him to make his appearance at a signal from him, he left the path to mount the rocks that sheltered the beast. Reaching the summit, he uncoiled the rope from his arm and prepared to make the battle. The signal was given to the brave young fellow, who made his appearance a short distance from the lair. The beast was about to leap forward, but the father sent the loop over its head. There was a brief struggle, in which the noose was slipped, but in a second more it was secure upon the hind leg. The end of the rope had been previously thrown over the limb of a tree whose boughs spread around, and the contest began in earnest.

After a terrible struggle Palmer succeeded in suspending his prize in the air, and, fastening the rope securely, he sprang from the rocks and proceeded to tie the remainder of the feet. Accomplishing this, he thought it about time to bag the cub, and reached down to grasp it, but the little fellow turned as quick as a cat upon his back and fastened his claws in his throat. He held on like a leech, while the father, who had found it impossible to extricate himself, shouted to his son to use a club. This was ineffectual, however, and throttling the infant lion with his left hand, he pressed down with all his might, and it was not until he had almost killed the animal that the son was enabled to release the claws from his father's neck. Yesterday Mr Palmer arrived in the city with both of the animals, and caged them in the old Schoss building.

Arranging for James Nutt's Trial.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 6.—Next Monday or Tuesday the counsel for James Nutt, who killed Dukes, will meet in this city and arrange a plan for the presentation of the evidence on behalf of their client. He will be brought to this county next Saturday. He will be accompanied by his mother and several other relatives who will appear as witnesses. One of the attorneys stated to-day that he does not expect the trial to last longer than a week. Senator Vorhees will certainly be here unless some unforseen emergency arises during the next week. No additional counsel has been retained so ither.

None But First Class Goods.

In Watches, Jewelry and Silverware one should have the best or none. Hesry THURLY & Co., Chicago, are making a speciality of fine goods, and if you need anything in Watches, in dust and water proof cases. Solid Silver or Triple Plated Ware, Solid Gold or Rolled Gold Jewelry, send to Shurly & Co., they will send a single article at the dozen price. They are vouched for and endorsed by the United States Express Co., American Express Co., Southern Express Co., F. W. Palmer, Postmaster of Chicago, Gen'l Geo. C. Smith, Ex-State Treasurer, and many others. Goods sent on approval, with privilege of examination, enabling you to do your purchasing at home. Remember, Shurly & Co., 77 State St., Chicago, Ill. SEND FOR THEIR NEW AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Nov. 29-83-4m.

I AM using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator with great results; had heart disease 9 years, no hope could not lie down—John Mosier, Pike Station, O. The heart Regulator cures all forms of heart disease, nervousness and sleeplessness.

"She's My Wife, Sir."

Trenton Special to New York Journal.

A short distance from this city is the county residence of William H. Rawle, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, a handsome mansion with extensive grounds, which played its share as a rendezvous in a recent romance that has until now not only been kept a secret from the select social circles in which one of the actors moved. Mr. Rawle prides himself on being one of the bluest of blue-blooded Americans, descended from the stock of patrican revolutionary patriots. His great grand-father was a "Signer," or something of that sort, while his grandfather was a Chief Justice of the Keystone State. He himself was a prominent candidate for the Supreme Judgeship in the last Pennsylvania State election, and is a man of great wealth, culture, and the widest social connection.

The present Mrs. Rawle is his second wife. By his first wife he had two lovely daughters, who inherited independent fortunes from their mother, which gave them an income variously stated at from $5,000 to $10,000 a year each. The relations between these young ladies and their stepmother have been such that they have not spent much time in each other's society. The daughters have made their home at their father's place near this city.

One morning in the last week of October Mr. Rawle was in his Philadelphia law office, when a card was handed him. It bore the name of "Dr. L. Godfrey Rousseau, Pittsburg."

When the owner of the name was ushered into the dignified presence he was asked to state his business.

"I called to see you, Mr. Rawle," said the visitor, with some slight hesitation, "about a rather delicate matter, which does not affect me alone, and concerning which I am authorized to speak. I want to marry your daughter!"

"Who are you, sir, that dare come to me in this way?" he demanded.

"I am a dentist by profession. I have a good practice, and am earning a good living. I am amply able to take care of two people. I am thirty years of age, and my home is in Pittsburg. I love your daughter—"

"This is a piece of blanky-blanky-blanked ridiculous nonsense, sir!"

"But we are engaged to be married and—"

Get out of my office!" shouted Mr. Rawle, fairly purple with rage.

Metaphorically, if not literally, kicked out, the doctor from Pittsburg took his hasty departure, with the one quiet remark

"You will hear from me again, sir."

The more Mr. Rawle thought of his unwelcome visitor and his audacious errand, the more uneasy he grew. He hurried off and caught the next train for New York. There is a special station for his country place, a short distance from Trenton. When he reached his suburban mansion he asked for the elder daughter, Miss Edith Rawle. He was told she had driven to Trenton a short time before with a strange gentleman. In hot haste he followed, taking the train from his local station. As he stepped from the train, which was bound for Jersey City, Dr. Rousseau and Mr. Rawle's daughter sprang on board. Mr. Rawle saw them too late to regain the train he had just quitted, as Dr. Rousseau waved an exasperating adieu from the platform. Mr Rawle followed the fugitives, and on reaching New York at once employed detectives to track the dentist and his daughter. The same evening one of the detectives reported that he had found the runaway lovers at the St. Nicholas. Mr. Rawle reached the caravansary, and nervously glancing down the list page of arrivals, read:

"Dr. L. Godfrey Rousseau and wife, Pittsburg."

He sent up his card to Mrs. Rousseau. After a short delay Dr. Rousseau came tripping down the steps with Mr. Rawle's card poised between his thumb and forefinger. The tables had been turned since morning.

"Mr. Rawle?" he said, as though in doubt as to the identity of his caller.

"Yes, sir! and I want to see my daughter!"

"Oh, yes; I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere recently."

"I want to see my daughter, sir, immediately!"

"I'm really very sorry, but she doesn't receive at this hour."

"But she is my daughter, and I demand to see her!"

"She is my wife. I'm very sorry, but you can't see her!"

And he did not see her, nor has he seen her since. Dr Rousseau and Miss Rawle were married and have gone to Pittsburg to live. The wedding announcement was inserted by the happy husband in a Philadelphia paper. The facts of the brief acquaintance and the rather tense relations between Mr. Rawle and his dentist son-in-law are now for the first time promulgated for the enjoyment of the upper ten thousand.

Youth and Age.

The time for action is in our youth. It is then that we gather in the grapes. With freckled faces, sunburnt hands and bare feet we wander from vine to vine, from trellis to trellis in the very exhuberance of childish glee and spirits. In age we quietly sit in the shade, and while the hours away in conversation with our friends while we sip the wine, which is the better for the long years which have passed since the vintage. In youth we should learn wisdom. It is true we should sow the seeds which are to bear fruit for the future. We should be taught that Parsons is the greatest medicine ever discovered, and that it has worked some wonderful cures. There is a book which can be procured at the drug stores, which tells you all about from $5,000 to $10,000 a year each. The title of the book is Parsons Purgative Pills of Life." Ask for it, and read it through, and then buy Parsons and you will never regret it. Send to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, for a book on the "Ills of Life," gratis.

A Governor's Promise to a Dying Child.

ST. LOUIS, January 2.—When Governor Crittenden's little daughter Katie was dying, a few week's ago, it was said that she received a promise from her father that he would pardon Charles Stevens, alias Omaha Charlie, serving a life sentence in the Missouri Penitentiary. To-day, in accordance with that promise, Stevens was pardoned. He was in for the murder of John Mayhan, who he killed in a saloon in March, 1878. He was an artist and carved many beautiful trinkets which he presented to the Governor's daughter, thus winning the love and friendship of the child.

DYSPEPSIA, Nausea, Biliousness, etc., cured by Gould's Little Blackstone Pills. Sold by A. E. Armstrong.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

The Mysterious Element in the Mind that Advances Vague Apprehensions—What Actually Causes It.

The normative below by a prominent scientist touches a subject of universal importance. Few people are free from the distressing evils which hypochondriasis brings. They come at all times and are fed by the very flame which they themselves start. They are a dread of coming derangement caused by present disorder and bring about more suicides than any other one thing. Their first approach should be carefully guarded.

Editors Herald:

It is seldom I appear in print and I should not do so now did I not believe myself in possession of truth, the revelation of which will prove of indescribable value to many who may see these lines. For many years I was conscious of a want of nerve tone. My mind seemed sluggish and I felt a certain falling off in my natural condition of intellectual acuteness, activity and vigor. I presume this is the same way in which an innumerable number of other people feel, who like myself are physically below par, but like thousands, of others I paid no attention to these annoying troubles, attributing them to overwork, and resorting to a glass of beer or milk punch which would for the time invigorate and relieve my weariness.

After awhile the stimulants commenced to disagree with my stomach, my weariness increased, and I was compelled to resort to other means to find relief. If a physician is suffering he invariably calls another physician to prescribe for him, as he cannot see himself as he sees others; so I called a physician and he advised me to try a little chemical food, or a bottle of hypophosphites. I took two or three bottles of the chemical food with no apparent benefit. My lassitude and indisposition seemed to increase, my food distressed me. I suffered from neuralgic pains in different parts of my body, my muscles became sore, my bowels were constipated, and my prospects for recovery were not very flattering. I stated my case to another physician, and he advised me to take five to ten drops of Magenda's solution of morphine, two or three times a day, for the weakness and distress in my stomach, and a blue pill every other night to relieve the constipation. The morphine produced such a deathly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation.

In this condition I passed nearly a year, wholly unfit for business, while the effort to think was irksome and painful. My blood became impoverished, and I suffered from incapacity with an appalling sense of misery and general apprehension of coming evil. I passed sleepless nights and was troubled with irregular action of the heart, a constant feverish condition and the most excruciating tortures in my stomach, living for ten days on rice water and gruel, and, indeed, the digestive functions seemed to be entirely destroyed.

It was natural that while in this condition I should become hypochondrical and fearful suggestions of self-destruction occasionally presented themselves. I experienced an insatiable desire for sleep, but on retiring would lie awake for a long time tormented with troubled reflections, and when at last I did fall into an uneasy slumber of short duration, it was disturbed by horrid dreams. In this condition I determined to take a trip to Europe, but in spite of all the attentions of physicians and change of climate and scene, I did not improve and so returned home with no earthly hope of ever again being able to leave the house.

Among the numerous friends that called on me was one who had been afflicted somewhat similarly to myself, but who had been restored to perfect health. Upon his earnest recommendation I began the same treatment he had employed but with little hope of being benefitted. At first I experienced little, if any, relief, except that it did not distress my stomach as other remedies or even food had done. I continued its use, however, and after the third bottle could see a marked change for the better, and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attend to my professional duties. I sleep well, nothing distresses me that I eat, I go from day to day without a feeling of weariness or pain, indeed I am a well man, and wholly through the influence of H. H. Warner & Co.'s Tippecanoe. I consider this remedy as taking the highest possible rank in the treatment of all diseases marked by debility, loss of appetite, and all other symptoms of stomach and digestive disorders. It is overwhelmingly superior to the tonics, bitters, and dyspepsia cures of the day, and is certain to be acknowledged by the public universally. Thousands of people to-day are going to premature graves with these serious diseases, that I have above described, and to all such I would say: "Do not let your good judgment be governed by your prejudices, but give the above named remedy a fair and patient trial, and I believe you will not only be rewarded by a perfect restoration to health, but you will also be convinced that the medical profession does not possess all the knowledge there is embraced in medical science."

A. G. RICHARDS, M.D.,
468 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

At the departure of a hope all the other hopes crowd closer together to fill the vacant place.

OUT ON THE PRAIRIE.

CONCERNING SOMETHING BETTER THAN RHEUMATISM, WHICH WILL WORK LIKEWISE—AND FOR REASONS WHY.

When a certain commissary general commissioned in the Duke of Wellington that Mr Parsons Purgative Pills declared he would bring him if the rations for that general's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah, did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd bring you?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time."

Not to put rations or anything else up in time is the very thing to do, if you have Parsons Purgative Pills to take. As Mr. Tootle did about the cattle which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife:

"If anything does happen, my dear, it will be no loss, only to Mr. Tootle."

Whereupon Mrs. Tootle, who had never before heard of Parsons Purgative Pills, and who, Dr. H. N. Hartman, the proprietor of Parsons Purgative Pills, Columbus, Ohio, will send free to any address, "I have used it in my family for two years, and I would not be without it for ten times its cost, if I could not get another. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never troubled with

Spasmodic Rheumatism

since we commenced to use it. Mr. Hartman was right, in good enough to endorse them; Mrs. WARWICK SMITH, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have used Parsons Purgative Pills in my family for many years, and I would not be without them for ten times their cost. They are the best medicine I have ever used, and I cheerfully recommend them to all." Mrs. Dr. Hartman, of Columbus, Ohio, writes: "

McKean County Miner

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 11, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed, give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, your arrearages adjusted or you will continue liable if the paper is sent to your address you take it from the office or not.

If you desire to get the paper regularly let us know. We avoid many needless paper stops words, and the trouble in which we make others and ourselves.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

—Now indoor the feminine belles,
And the lusty plumber plumbs,
And the shooting-gravedigger prims,
And the banjo-strumming swells:
The barometer,
The plumbago,
The glumago,
The strumento,
Nothing seems wisely given us;
Count Cool I want no summer!

—Washington's birthday—Feb'y 22—is the next holiday.

—A dozen eggs are now worth more than the hens that laid them.

—Potatoes are a drug in the Wellsville market at thirty cents a bushel.

—Give a mule an unruly days if you want the whittler to pass away quickly.

—Tuck a piece of heavy woolen cloth to your hood and you won't slip on the ice.

—It is hoped that we have heard the last of Mr. Vennor and his weather predictions.

—The newly elected officers of McKean Lodge No. 888, A. Y. M. were installed last evening.

—Railroad employees have fully earned their salaries this week, especially on the narrow gauge roads.

—It is said that the Allegany Lumber company has purchased 100,000,000 feet of timber in Potter county.

—It is to be hoped that the back of the winter is broken. A January thaw will be the next thing in order.

—The borough schools opened Monday with a large attendance of pupils considering the howling weather.

—The government weather reports announce that a very heavy snow storm is coming rapidly from the west.

—Judge C. B. Campbell, of Westfield, N. Y., is said to be the oldest Free Mason in that state. He is 97, and was branded in 1809.

—Now the good Christian maid considereth the widow's wood-pile and the poor man's coal-bin how he may replenish them.

—If the police report columns of the *Democrat* are any evidence, Olean must have gathered in a harvest of hard characters within its limits.

—L. G. Miller, formerly proprietor of the *Bradford Christian Advocate*, died in Humphrey, Cattaraugus county last Sunday, from general debility.

—Church convened on Tuesday. Many of the Westfield lawyers found it very difficult to get here and then as difficult to get back, because of the snow blockade.

—The republicans state committee will meet at the St. Cloud Hotel, in Philadelphia, on the 23d instant, to determine the time and place of the next state convention.

—The hard work necessary for the development of the S. N. Y. & P. Railroad system has told upon President Jones in such a degree that he has been compelled to seek a recollection.

—It is stated that within the last ten years the number of insane persons in the United States has nearly doubled. This fact is probably due to our feverish, rushing life and the poisonous quality of the whiskey.

—Either the National Press association which furnishes the cuts of prominent men or the alleged newspapers that adorn them have their columns to fill up, ought to be prosecuted for libel by the unfortunate victims of the pictures.

—The largest photograph in the world, representing a commandery of Knights Templar, of Rochester, is on exhibition at New York. It is four and one-half feet high, ten and one-half feet long, and weighs with frame and glass six hundred pounds.

—The many friends and former patrons of Charles Keeler will be glad to learn that he has made an engagement of his services to W. H. Wodenhall. There are few general blacksmiths and horse-shoers his equal in knowledge and experience in his trade.

—The dispute between the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad and the Jackson Coal railroad, with regard to the latter crossing the track of the former, has been amicably settled by the Jackson Coal railroad paying $3,200 for the privilege.—*New Castle Guardian.*

—The stump whose profession is showing about could have found profitable occupation yesterday. Mr. Hyland, the pipe line superintendent at Collegrove, sent to the borough for fifty men to shovel snow from the top of oil tanks. Two dollars a day and board was offered.

—Ex-Judge S. P. Wilson, of Wellsboro, has sold his two farms in Delmar to Mr. A. L. Rublee, taking in part payment a house and lot in Wellsboro, the Carroll farm on Stony Fork road and a tract of land in Shippen. The Judge valued the farms he sold at $17,000.—*Agitator.*

—The authorship of "Saved Witnesses," an American semi-sensational story recently completed in the Century Magazine, is a mystery the solution of which seems to be troubling a great many people. It is not very much of a story, and we do not wonder that the author is not sufficiently proud of it to announce his name.

—The Philadelphia *Times* announces for 1884, in that establishment, most complete and valuable of any yet issued from that office. In addition to a vast amount of useful information relating to this state, it gives the full election returns by counties from November, the population of Pennsylvania, state laws passed in 1883, city extensions, etc. No combining house or newspaper office in Pennsylvania without it. The only criticism we have to offer is that in the list of county officers Treasurer Melvin is put down as a republican and Coroner Dempsey as a democrat.

—With a recent issue the McKean County Miner, published at Smethport, attained its majority. The Miner, one of our most valued exchanges, is carefully edited as well as handsomely printed, and we are glad to know that it is on the high road to prosperity. We trust the obstacle may never have the colors of love. Barbour in such quantities as will enable him to retire in a little while and live in opulence the remainder of his life.—*Huntingdon Journal.* We have been able to realize Bro. Nash, and can "live in opulence the remainder of our life"—providing they are very, very short.

The Very Settlement.

County Auditors Brewer, Washburne and Seavers are at work auditing the accounts of the treasurer, sheriff and commissioners. The work will commence about two weeks, when the report will be published.

Ex-Treasurer Seamans.

John Seaman retires from the office of county treasurer with more than the best wishes of all with whom he has had business or official relations. He has proven a pleasant and accommodating official and carefully looked after the feeds in his charge.

Open for Trains.

After being practically closed to the public use by a snow blockade, the E. B. & K. and B., E. & C. roads will commence this morning to run regular trains. It is only by the almost superhuman efforts of the employees that either track was so soon made clear.

Jail Delivery.

Special Deputies C. S. King and John Bilger started for Pittsburg Monday with two candidates for the penitentiary. A number of other prisoners in the jail confined on short sentences and for payment of costs were also ordered released by the Judge, and there are now but fourteen remaining in durance vile.

Legal Holidays in 1884.

All the legal holidays of 1884 will fall on Thursday and Friday, as follows: Washington's Birthday, on Friday, February 22; Good Friday, on the 11th of April; Decoration Day, on Friday, May 30; Fourth of July, on Friday, July 4; Thanksgiving, on Thursday, November 27; Christmas, on Thursday, December 25.

Tipped Over.

J. T. Donahue, the plumber, hired one of Moore's spirited livery horses, with a cutter, yesterday, and with his wife started on a tour of house hunting. While jogging gently along the animal stumbled, and supposing he was about to run-bled, and supposing he was about to run-away, Jim turned him toward the side of the road and tipped himself and wife into the snow. The horse did not run away, and probably had no notion of doing so.

The County Treasurer.

In obedience to the call of the majority C. C. Melvin entered upon his duties as county treasurer on Monday. He has appointed no deputy, but his brother, T. M. Melvin, will assist him, until he returns from the Arkansas hot springs, where he goes next month for the benefit of his health. Tom will have charge of the business of the office, and will remain at Smethport the greater share of his time.

Work of the Recorder's Office.

There were recorded in the office of the register and recorder during the past year 1103 deeds, mortgages, &c. This represents a good deal of work, and is exclusive of orphan's court and other miscellaneous work done in that office. All of the work of the office is done by two clerks, Messrs. Easton and Alexander, the former acting as deputy. The fact that so much is done, and correctly done, in their department is highly complimentary to them.

Local Politics.

The local politicians will enjoy a picnic in this county the present year, in addition to the interest excited by the presidential election we have a sufficiently large grist of county offices to elect to make things very lively. There will be a state senator, member of assembly, sheriff, prothonotary, district attorney, three commissioners and three auditors elected. We presume there will be enough candidates for the nomination to make it interesting early in the season.

With an Inward Groan.

Congressman Brown, of this district, yesterday introduced a bill to regulate the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the territories. Also for the further protection of citizens against the violation of certain rights secured to them by the constitution. If these and other bills embodying salutary legislation are not passed it will not be from lack of effort and persistence on the part of our member, but we fear they will meet with a cold reception from a democratic house. It is well to make them show their colors, however.

The Comet.

The comet can be plainly seen in the early evening in the northwestern sky. It is rapidly approaching the brilliancy of a star of the fourth magnitude, and to the unassisted eye has the appearance of a bright star obscured by a slight haze. The comet at 7 o'clock in the evening is about 45 degrees above the western horizon. This position because of its rapid motion toward the southwest, will not be maintained long. It reaches its brightest phase on the 14th inst., but by reason of the light of the moon may not appear any brighter. It will be visible throughout the month.

Passenger Rates Raised.

Hon. Lucius Rogers, who recently purchased the McKean County Miner, published at Smethport, made his formal bow to his readers last week. Mr. Rogers is an old printer and newspaper man, and as he formerly conducted the paper he is no stranger in that section. He says that as he has missing interests to look after in Colorado, Mr. Barbour, the old editor, will conduct the paper during his absence. With his large experience in public life and politics, Mr. Rogers will doubtless make the Miner a stronger paper than ever.—*Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.*

Convent Burned.

In the convent at Bellpville, Ill., which was destroyed by fire last Sunday night, were sixty pupils, all girls from 10 years to adult age, several teachers and a number of other inmates. The fire is said to have started in the rear of the third story, which was used as a dormitory. An attempt was made by the sisters to extinguish the flames, but this failing efforts were made to save the pupils. The fire spread so rapidly that order could not be preserved and a panic seized both children and sisters, all rushing a wild confused rush to escape. Forty or more pupils are known to have got out or were taken from the building and given shelter in the neighborhood, but several in their fright jumped from the windows and were either killed or badly injured. Miss Mary Campbell, of East St. Louis, a teacher, leaped from the third story and died in a few minutes. Another, whose name has not been ascertained, climbed to the roof and either fell or was blown off, sustaining fatal injuries.

The loss of life is much greater than first estimated. Instead of two, as at first supposed, the total known deaths is twenty-seven—twenty-two pupils and five sisters. Among the latter was the sister superior.

Meeting.

The Bradford Christian Advocate.

A Warning to the Unrighteous—Matrimonial Prospects—The Ice-Men's Harvest—New Gas Mains, &c.

It is stated that many brick buildings will be built in Bradford the present year than ever before. A few years ago we were satisfied with temporary covering, now we all build to stay.

I will not "give him away," but I am reliably informed that one of our prominent politicians is quite anxious to represent this congressional district in the next national republican convention. How guess who it is.

City Engineer Lyon has been visiting other cities (was it at the expense of the city?) to post himself up about water works. Jule Andrews could have told him more than he has learned in his travels—or ever will learn.

Rawd Kirk has been re-elected president of the Producers' Exchange. Will he make his inaugural address another good occasion to get even with Senator Emery? Better not, Rawd. No man should make the same mistake twice.

The annual election of bank directors reveals the fact that the Bradford National has become entirely a local corporation. All of its directors and officers are now our own capitalists. Financially it is constituted one of the safest and most solid concerns of the city.

The gambling rooms and "joints" that have heretofore been running open to the whole community, have nearly all been closed and done away with. Aside as a matter of business, the sporting professionals of our city can occasionally be seen hoarding exams for other towns in "pursuit of wealth and happiness."

It is reported that Patsey Fuggee is contemplating matrimony, this time quite seriously. Patsey is by no means a spring chicken, but it is quite positive that he had to capitulate to the charms of one of the sweetest and nicest of Bradford's girls, and that the wedding is expected to take place before many moons.

If that "dinner to the county press," at which only a few city reporters and alleged newspaper men were present, was given by ex-Mayor Jordan, why did not the resolution of thanks render suitable acknowledgment of his generosity. That was an unpardonable oversight; Jordan, indeed, his modesty would not permit it.

Treasurer Melvin drove over to your burg Wednesday, accompanied by his brother Tom. As he to be the deputy? It would not be out of place, however. Tom is, of course, an alleged republican, but he has done good service to the democratic party, is one of the treasurer's bondsmen, and a brother. It is fit that he should be the deputy.

I hear a good deal of criticism of Wagner & Fels' advertising drop-curtain among theatre goers. They say it reminds them too much of the fine curtain. These curtains must therefore be attendants of both places. But, really, a drop curtain of that kind is not the proper thing for a "fancy" opera house. It might do for the Glem. Anything is allowable there.

This city supports two daily and two Sunday newspapers, with the aid of surrounding towns. If you ask any of the proprietors they will tell you that the business is not what it was and that none of them are making any money. Yet it is observable that the employees are all paid regularly, and the proprietors not only live well but are able to travel continually, even to the western limits of the continent. Either some one has a great bank account to draw against or the boys are making money.

The ice men and the beer men are improving the opportunity to get in their summer stock of ice. The Consolidated Bottling company gave the contract to a certain party to fill their ice house on the Island. It was an especial proviso of the contract that the ice should be six inches thick, and from appearances a few weeks ago and the assumption that there was any truth in Vennor's prophecies it seemed very likely that the contractor would be badly left. He is one man, however, who is thankful for the recent Arctic wave. The contract is already completed, and nearly all the ice stored in a foot and over in thickness.

The constables and deputy sheriff have been complaining for months that business in their line is slack to dullness. This fact speaks well for the prosperity of our city, when we remember that but a little over a year ago two or three deputy sheriffs could hardly keep up with the business in this end of the county and the constables were doing a land office business. Now the immense sheriff's bill boards, which used to be covered with announcements of sales, are almost completely bare, and the closing of a furniture store a few days ago is the first stroke of business in the executive line Deputy Whitely has had in hand in a long time.

There have been four or five new saloons opened up in this city within as many months, and some of them have been granted licenses by the court. By what authority are they doing business? Also it might be asked by what authority does every drinking place in the city do a regular business on Sunday? When the W. C. T. U. and the Young Men's Temperance Union can spare time from the discussion of abstract theological themes and the consideration of how near the passage of a prohibitory amendment would bring the millennium, they might tackle the above problems and prove to a doubting world that their mission has something practical in it.

The death of Earl McBride on Tuesday is a warning to dealers of men in Bradford. His few, if any, will heed it, however. He was one of the proprietors of the Optima house, one of the popular drinking places of the city. He was not one of the class of cold-blooded rumsellers who talk temperance and refuse to drink of the poison they dispense to their neighbors. He was consistent, and not only sold it but drank it. He was a walking advertisement of his own wares. He was a steady drinker, and frequently made a business of it to the exclusion of all other matters. His last spree has continued about a month, and ended in his death. Such is always the case. Poor Earl, only adds one more to the victims of rum. There are scores of men of my acquaintance in this city who are going the same road and do not realize it. They are steady, regular drinkers. They do not get drunk, at least not very often. They do not, apparently, neglect their business. They think they are in no danger. But one of these days they will drop away suddenly. The system will succumb to the steady poisoning by alcohol. The newspapers will tell of their sudden taking off, and what jovial, good-natured and big-hearted fellows they were. The doctors will give the disease an impronounceable scientific name, and their friends will wonder at the "mysterious dispensation of Providence." Providence, will have no hand in it; whiskey will have done it all. When will men learn wisdom and let the stuff alone? Not in the year 1884, I fear.

ATAN.

He Had Learned to Keep a Secret.

The following reminiscence of the late Judge Gibbs we have never seen in print, and publish it as told by Sheriff Wilson, who will vouch for the truth of it.

It will be remembered that the Judge was known to favor as being implicated in the alleged abduction of Morgan, by the Free Masons, because of which charge he suffered considerable persecution at the hands of the anti-Masons. A few years before his death he was stopping with a party of friends at the Carver House, in Warren. A celebrated spirit medium was at that time stopping in Warren, and it was proposed that the party should, out of curiosity, visit him and test his powers. They were politely received by the medium and the spirits of departed friends called forth from the beyond, from whom very satisfactory responses were received. Finally a wag of the party, a particular friend of Gibbs, called for the spirit of William Morgan. The response was prompt and several unimportant questions were satisfactorily answered. Finally the questioner said:

"Mr. Morgan, we would like to have you tell us whether you died a natural death or by the hands of your fellow men?"

There was no response and the question was repeated. After a few moments the alleged spirit replied in solemn accents:

"That is not for mortals to know."

One of the party then turned to Mr. Gibbs and said, "What do you think of that, Judge?"

After fortifying himself with two or three pinches of snuff, of which he was a constant user, he replied:

"Well, I think the miserable scoundrel *has at last learned to keep a secret.*"

STIFF HATS—Greenewalds', Bradford.

The Cemetery Fence.

The following from the Philadelphia *Times* is not only true, but eminently just:

The New Year is a good time to consider the generally overlooked claims of the local newspaper. It is the most useful and the least compensated and appreciated of all the agencies which stamp the impress of progress upon villages and inland cities. Without the local newspaper local towns are, as a rule, thriftless, and tend to decay.

It is common for small great men to speak with contempt of the local newspapers. In that they institute greater men in speaking of greater journals which offend by manly criticisms; but the village newspaper makes more great men out of less material—more bricks without straw—than any other factor in politics, and is the one ladder on which men climb to local distinction as the beginning of wider fame.

The local journals of Pennsylvania have progressed in typographical elegance, in editorial power and in freshness and completeness of local and general news even more than the city journals during the last score of years. Every inland city in the state has its daily paper or papers now, and many of them surpass the Philadelphia journals of a generation ago in all the attributes of a newspaper, while the local weeklies have kept fully abreast with the general progress of journalism.

Local weeklies have now extended from the county town into most of the thrifty villages, and the advent of the local newspaper has always dated the increased thrift of the community. The local newspaper is the life of its locality, and the measure of its support, as a rule, measures the advancement of the people. Begin the new year by not only subscribing but paying for your local newspapers. They are the friends and helpmates of all seasons.

FALL BUSINESS SUITS—Greenewalds', Bradford.

Journalistic.

The Franklin *Republican* commenced on the 1st inst. the publication of a daily in connection with the weekly. The cause for the publication of diminutive dailies seems to be on the increase and many of them are deemed to die early after a hard struggle for existence. But we have no doubt that so accomplished and experienced a newspaper man as Major Pearsey knows what he is about, and would not have undertaken the burden without the fullest assurance of a successful issue. If the daily is an excellent and reliable sheet as the weekly it will not be a failure.

The Coke *Patriot* has been enlarged and very much improved. The late lamented Stebbins evidently left the paper in excellent hands. Beecher & Glenn seem to understand their business from the ground floor up.

There are too many newspapers in the country, and the consolidation of two rival papers in the same locality is an evidence of grace and good sense. The *Citizen* and *Independent Press* of Franklin, were both excellent papers and both republican in politics. But two such papers in one town were not needed, and neither received the support which they merited. Therefore the proprietors of both came together and effected a consolidation. The new paper will be called the *Citizen Press*, with E. W. Smiley, former editor and proprietor of the *Citizen* as editor. The new paper already shows signs of decided improvement.

The Huntingdon *Journal* reached its forty-eighth year last week—nearly half a century. It is one of the cleanest and best edited of our exchanges, and we trust that it will continue to prosper till its years number the century, and that Bro. Nash will be there to see it.

CHILDREN'S SUITS—At Greenewalds', Bradford, Pa.

Insolvents and Idiots.

We make so much of marrying and being married, says an exchange, that many people think it something of a disgrace for a woman to pass through life alone; when, in fact, the life of many single women is a life of romance, bliss, and even rapture, compared with that of many a wife. Marriage does not always prove a blessing. Often it proves a bitter curse; and life is not necessarily a success because we are married, nor a failure because we are not. It is of far less importance to marry than to marry well. A bad husband is worse than none, and a single blessedness is preferable to wedded misery. The tendency to accept the first offer, the morbid anxiety to nestle in life at all hazards, and the idea that at twenty-five a lady is old and unacceptable, often leads a woman to throw herself away upon an unworthy man, and results in many unhappy marriages.

Surveying and Conveyancing.

The undersigned is prepared to execute conveyancing in the line of his profession promptly and at reasonable terms. Collections solicited. Office in Eaton building, with Dr. H. L. McCoy.

JOHN KANE,
Surveyor and Conveyancer.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 26, 1883-ly.

Insolvents.

The records of the commissioner's office show that the following insolvents have been held by the justices and coroner of the county during the past year. We give the date of inquisition, name, residence at time of death, and verdict of cause of death, also by whom inquisition was held:

Jan. 24—John Hartley, Bradford city, long continued intoxication; Coroner Bannon.

Feb. 6—Harvey W. McHenry, Keating township, glycerine explosion; Coroner Bannon.

Feb. 12—John S. Walsh, Custer City, suicide, Coroner Bannon.

Feb. 15—Hugh McNeil, Liberty township, exposure while intoxicated; G. M. Smith, J. P.

Feb. 19—Thos. Connolly, Turtle Point, fracture of skull at hands of person or persons unknown; C. E. Wright, J. P.

March 2—E. W. Skinner, at Rafferty Farm, killed by the falling of crown pulley; Coroner Bannon.

March 3—Frank P. Brown, Bradford city, irregular habits; Coroner Bannon.

May 7—Albert Baker, Westmore station, poison taken by mistake; J. A. Hall, J. P.

June 28—Chas. Erickson, Custer City, explosion of boiler; Coroner Bannon.

June 26—Fred Evans, Bradford city, killed while coupling cars; Coroner Bannon.

July 1—Calkin Pooll, Westmore station, pistol shot by himself; D. T. Hall, J. P.

July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5—E. A. Clement, Geo. Quinn, S. I. McKee, Adone Angelo, M. Downes and S. N. Tuffen, at Rasine accident on R. & P. R. R.; Coroner Bannon.

Aug. 23—Mr. Bradford city, killed by Geo. Gordon; Coroner Bannon.

Sept. 8—Jas. C. Murphey, Westmore township, natural causes, died while passenger on P. & E. R. R. D. T. Hall, J. P.

Sept. 13—Arthur D. Crandall, Custer City, by pistol shot from his own hand; Coroner Bannon.

Sept. 15—Jas. Fitzgerald, Bradford city, excessive use of intoxicating liquor; Coroner Bannon.

Sept. 29—Wm. Carley, Bradford city, collision on O. B. & W. extension; Coroner Bannon.

Sept. 25—Chambers Kennedy, Bradford city, by shot from pistol by his own hands at Mrs. Williams' infirmary; Coroner Bannon.

Sept. 27—Pat Maloney, Clermont, falling of rock in Buffalo Coal Co. mines; L. Stein hauer, J. P.

Nov. 21—James Hobley, Custer city, heart clot; Coroner Bannon.

FALL CLOTHING—Greenewalds', Bradford.

A Visit to The Ohio State Grange.

CARRINGTON, O., Jan. 3, 1884.

ED. EISER—The Ohio State Grange met Dec. 11th 1883, in Springfield, for a three days session, which event called out a spontaneous burst of welcome on the part of the citizens of Springfield to their neighbors who, till, the call. The Opera House was crowded to its utmost capacity while many stood in the aisles and vestibule. From the stage the house seemed to be one vast sea of faces—thought to be fully 1600 people. The stage was surmounted with a wide banner bearing the inscription "Ohio State Grange Welcome." On arrival we were met by the committee and presented with a badge and a number of tickets for the use on street cars to and from our boarding place or to go about the city. The Mayor, in his address of welcome, in speaking of the farmers as a class, said that "our great men are the men who contribute to the success of agriculture, and while Europe is pleased to boast of her great generals and of the Krupp Ordnance Works as the greatest establishment in the world, we with equal pride point to our inventors and leading farmers and to the Champion as the greatest agriculturer of industry in the world. Which contributes most to the happiness of mankind? Which do we prize most, the tactics and drill of the Prussian army, or the grain drill of P. P. Mast & Co.? Which interests you most, the threshing the Prussians gave the French, or the threshing of last year's wheat by one of the Springfield Engine and Thresher Company's operators?" He made many more very apt remarks and was frequently interrupted by applause. In the evening of the first day an invitation was extended to the Grange to visit some of the manufactories the next day, and on Wednesday, the 12th, while the committee were doing their work, a special train of five coaches, furnished by Wagner, Smihnell & Glessner, left the Union depot with about 500 people bound for the Legonda, the train passing a great many immense shops of this great manufacturing city. As we went through the vast building with our guides, it was a visit of interest and pleasure combined. Returning to the depot the party next visited Mast, Foos & Co., the Springfield Malleable Iron Co. and many other points of interest in the west end. This consumed the forenoon. At 2 o'clock the meeting was called to order, and by assembling one-half hour earlier in the evening we were entertained by Dr. Leonard with a short but stirring lecture on temperance. Thursday, the last day, a great many accepted the invitation to board the train (free as before), going over the Little Miami to the shops of Evans, Foos & Co., and all the manufacturing shops in the east end of the city. This being the last day of the meeting, S. A. Orr, President of Wittenberg College sent an invitation for the members to remain another day and visit the College, which we have no doubt would have paid well for those that could leave home longer and enjoy it.

D. E. S.

Professional Nurse.

The undersigned announces to the public that she is prepared to perform the duties of a Professional Nurse wherever her services may be required, either in or out of town. From a long experience in this capacity she is confident of being able to give good satisfaction. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly responded to. MRS. FRANK KEENE.

Smethport, Dec. 6, '83. tf.

Attention is invited to the following references:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—I hereby certify that Mrs. Frank Keene, of this borough, has for the past twelve or fifteen years acted in the capacity of nurse to lying-in-women. Also in surgical cases, under my care, and I cheerfully recommend her to those requiring such services, as being careful, trustworthy and reliable.

S. S. SCHAFFER, M. D.

Smethport, Nov. 27th, 1883.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—This is to certify that we have known Mrs. Frank Keene in the capacity of nurse for a number of years and freely say that she is very efficient and reliable.

H. L. MCCOY, M. D.
E. G. BROWN, M. D.

Smethport, Dec. 1, 1883.

The Times.

Is often dismayed on account of catarrh producing dryness and a constant desire to cough. That tickling sensation and the hemorrhage that is so common to public singers and speakers especially, is relieved at once by Shoultice's Catarrh Tricken which are prepared from the most approved formulæ. Do not wait till colds bronchitis or even consumption takes firm hold of you. Price only 75c per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. V. Richmond & Son.

Other Resources.

EDS. MINER:—In your ably edited paper you speak of the timber and mineral wealth of McKean county, which is not in the least overestimated. Our farming interests also should not be overlooked in connection with other industries, as they go hand in hand, and if properly attended to can be made a source of immense wealth and prosperity. The market prices for our farm products compare favorably with those of any agricultural district in the state, our soil is good, our facilities for successful dairying are unequalled, and there is no reason why McKean county should not become one of the richest agricultural and dairy counties of the state.

Also, the great gas deposits of the county, especially in the southwest portion of Hamilton township, are worthy of mention. The uses to which it can be put both as a fuel or for manufacturing purposes are numerous. There are stores of this valuable product in the ground, and they can and should be utilized for the benefit of the present generation.

SUBSCRIBER.

Ludlow, Pa., Jan'y 7, 1884.

[Thanks to "Subscriber" for the above. There are many interests and resources of the county to which we propose to give our attention. He may rest assured that the MINER will not neglect any of our material resources, and if they are not developed it will not be the fault of our pen.—ED.]

Largest Stock

Clothing, Hats—Greenewalds', opposite the Riddell House, Bradford, Pa.

Baptist Church Items.

The regular collection next Sunday morning for Foreign Missions.

In the evening the eight lecture on Pilgrim's Progress: "The Deliverence from Doubting Castle, and their ascent of the Delectable Mountains."

At the annual meeting last Monday W. Z. Georgia and J. H. Duntley were elected trustees for three years.

"FALL OVERCOATS—Greenewalds', Bradford.

Soldiers' Orphans' Schools.

The recent report of the superintendent of the state orphan schools discloses the following interesting figures: There are not remaining but seventeen schools of this class, a reduction of twenty-seven since the system was established. At the close of the year, May 31, 1883, there were on the rolls 2,352 children; 377 admitted during the year and 486 discharged; expenditures during the year, $361,050 80, expenditures since the schools were founded, $7,943,589 53. In all 13,011 have been admitted to the schools, and there are now 790 applications for admission on file.

NECKWEAR and Furnishing Goods—Greatest Variety—Greenewalds', Largest Clothiers and Hatters. Opposite Riddell House, Bradford, Pa.

Sounds Like Him.

The following incident published of General Kane, sounds so nearly like him that it is probably true:

The day after the late General Thomas L. Kane was captured by the confederates at Harrisonburg, Va., in 1862, a distant relative, a citizen of Virginia, visited him in the room where he was confined, and greeted him with, "How do you do, Colonel Kane? You no doubt have forgotten me, it is so long since we last met. I am ——" "Oh, yes," interrupted Kane, "I remember you well. I am pleased to see you, but regret that the circumstances of our meeting are not more pleasant." "They are rather unpleasant," said the rebel; "but, then, you brought them upon yourself; you should not have come here; you ——" "Leave the room this instant, sir!" roared the wounded prisoner; "leave me, this instant! You are the only *blackguard* I have encountered in Virginia!"

Boy's and Children's

Clothing. Largest assortment. Lowest prices—Greenewalds', 124 Main st., Bradford, Pa.

The County Conventions.

There will necessarily be two republican county conventions this year, one for the selection of delegates to the state convention and one for the nomination of a county ticket. The national convention will meet on the third of June, and as a rule of the party requires that the state convention be held not more than sixty nor less than thirty days before the national. The state convention cannot, therefore, be held later than the beginning of May, and the county convention, by which delegates will be elected to the state convention, should be held one or three weeks before the latter, or during the first or second week of April, seven months before the election.

Always Reliable

Greenewalds', Bradfords' leading Clothiers and Hatters, 124 Main street. No misrepresentations. Money refunded.

An Unpleasant Item.

We are sorry to learn that there are a number of cases of diphtheria in the borough and vicinity. Two of Conductor Stuby's children are suffering with it but are not seriously ill. A girl working at W. J. Colegrove's is in a somewhat dangerous condition, and one of Mike McElwee's children died from the disease a few days ago. It may be stated, however, that in the latter case the child did not have adequate care and treatment until it was too late. With the advancement of science and the more thorough acquaintance with it nature and, the proper remedies this disease is not as fatal as it was a number of years ago, but it is to be hoped that its progress in this vicinity can be checked.

For Sale or Rent.

The House, Blacksmith, wagon and carriage shop on Water street, in this borough. Terms easy. Apply at once at JOHN DIGEL'S Marble works.—16tf.

New Laws.

Among the acts of assembly enacted at the last session of the legislature which are of interest to our people are the following:

The several courts are authorized, with the concurrence of the grand jury, to change the limits of any incorporated borough of this commonwealth.

School directors are required, upon the application of the parents of twenty or more pupils, to open a night school.

Farms divided by county lines shall hereafter be assessed in the county wherein the mansion house is located.

Members of borough council shall hereafter be elected for two years, one-half retiring annually.

Any policeman, constable or any agent of the Pennsylvania society for the prevention of cruelty to animals shall, upon his own view or on the complaint of others, make arrests for the violation of the law to prevent cruelty to animals.

The English sparrow may hereafter be lawfully killed at any time.

The terms of borough officers shall hereafter terminate on the first Monday of March each year.

Another New Law Firm.

By reference to our professional cards it will be noticed that W. J. Milliken and T. F. Richmond have entered into a copartnership in the practice of law. Mr. Milliken is well known to the citizens of the county. It has always been his home and he has been one of the leading practitioners at this bar for a dozen years or more. For the past few years he has been living in Bradford, and last fall returned to his old home in this borough. He has a most thorough acquaintance with the law and unusual talent and ability. Mr. Richmond, the junior member of the firm, is a young attorney of promise, who bids fair to attain success in his profession. Altogether the firm is a good one, and will undoubtedly receive a large patronage.

BOYS SUITS—Greenewalds', Bradford

Pennsylvania Senators.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*, in running over the Senators, has this to say of Pennsylvania's "grave and reverend" members of that body:

Senator J. Donald Cameron is missed from the senate this session. He has many warm friends among the best men on both sides of the chamber. They appreciate his honesty, his courage and his fidelity very highly. He is missed, too, in the councils on his side of the chamber, and he will be missed in the Naval Affairs Committee. Senator Cameron does more hard work in the senate and does it better than even his friends give him credit for. John I. Mitchell is tall, well built and fair of countenance, with brown hair and beard changing to gray. He is modest, industrious and well informed. Just now all Pennsylvanians who want anything in the senate are writing to him.

$50 goes if Centaurine fails to help or cure the worst cases of corns, scratches, sore necks or wounds of any kind on horse or man. Sold by E. F. Richmond & Son. Price 50 cts.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, worms as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant sure cure. A tonic for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty skin diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; 3 boxes, $1.25, (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results*, as many of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold. DENVER, Ia., Dec. 14, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and have worn it by hardest hard work. I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more.

O. MCCLARREY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev., 3d Dist. Iowa.*

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' gold Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be Continued.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Messrs. R. O. Smith & Co., of Olean, N. Y., will discontinue their business at an early date.

To effect this their entire stock of merchandise must be sold in a very few weeks.

With the exception of Carpets, all their departments are complete in every respect.

$75,000 worth of General Dry Goods, Draperies, Wall Papers and Boots and Shoes will be sold at prices that will make it to the interest of every reader of this announcement to examine this immense stock before making their winter purchases.

R. O. SMITH, & Co.

Olean, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1883.

The Press

THE FOREMOST REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER

FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR, 1884.

Weekly Press, - - - $1.00 a Year.
Daily Press, - - - $6.00 a Year.

The coming year will be notable. Congress divided between a Republican Senate and a Democratic House, will be busy President-making. The great battle of Protection against Free Trade will agitate the Capitol and the country. The Presidential campaign will be the hardest fought and most exciting political struggle for a quarter of a century. Europe, in the opinion of the best informed, trembles on the eve of a great war.

With such an outlook a live newspaper which prints all the news and tells the whole truth about it is more than ever a necessity. Such a newspaper is THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS. Telegraph wires in its own office place it in instantaneous communication with a corps of over five hundred news gatherers distributed all over the civilized world. The special daily cable service which it shares with the New York *Herald* covers every phase of activity in European life. No paper excels it in all the elements which go to make up a broad, full, complete journal.

Besides being a complete newspaper, THE WEEKLY PRESS has several special features which put it at the top. THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, enriched by constant contributions from the foremost writers in various branches, gives the practical things that people want to know on the farm and in the garden. The HELPING HAND FOR WOMEN—or Home Department, edited by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, is full of information, hints and happy thoughts for every wife, mother and head of a household.

A great feature of the coming year will be the highly valuable letters of JOSEPH D. WEEKS on Wages of Working-men, the general conditions of Labor and the Cost of Living in Europe as compared with America. Mr. Weeks, who has charge of this subject for the Census of 1880, has made it a life study, and has been abroad this year conducting a special investigation. His letters will give the facts as to earnings in all the various industries, the purchasing power of wages, strikes, trades-unionism, arbitration, etc.

The WEEKLY PRESS is full of choice home reading, with pennies and other matter for the little folks, stories and poems for children and children's hour, recipes, gleanings from current literature, a general summary of domestic and foreign news, and an earnest discussion of the great questions of the day.

Sample copies mailed free.

NEW TERMS OF THE PRESS:

By mail, postage free in the U. S. and Canada.

Daily, except Sunday, 60 cts. a month; $6 a year
Daily, including Sunday, 65 cts. a month; $7.30 a year
Sunday Press, $2.00 a year.
Weekly Press, - - $1.00 a Year.

*Drafts, Checks and Post-Office

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. P. Richmond & Son,

Druggists and Pharmacists,

No. 31 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Fine Stationery, Artists' Supplies. Complete Pharmacy. And a Full Line of Cigars Always on Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An ironclad night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls.

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES.

School Books, Blank Books.

Stationery,

Fancy Goods.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT THE

DRUG & BOOK STORE

OF

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

W. T. CALLAR,

DEALER IN

DRUGS & MEDICINES!

TOILET ARTICLES,

Stationery, Etc., Etc.

—ALSO, DEALER IN—

Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR,
SMETHPORT, PA

C. V. CILLIS,

Dealer in

Drugs & Medicines

PAINTS, OILS,

FANCY GOODS, &C.

KANE, PA.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

SMETHPORT, PA.

COPYING AND ENLARGING

Landscaping and Viewing a Specialty.

BERGSTRESSER'S

Picture Frames of all Kinds.

W. W. RUSS. E. W. RUSS.

W. W. RUSS & SON,

Dealers in

FURNITURE,

PICTURES AND FRAMES.

Repairing and Upholstering Done.

No. 45 Main Street,

BRADFORD, PENN'A.

☞ We guarantee that parties visiting Smethport can do as well with us as they would in Bradford or any other city.

Special At Stores,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Everything kept on hand for funerals, and a competent person always in charge. Calls promptly attended to day or night. Residence on Water street, one door south of Mrs. Ellis'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall st., N.Y.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The entertainment takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 4, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk

At 6 Cents a Quart

Until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The advantage of the public is respectfully solicited and misadvantage guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 2, 1884-tf.

J. C. HAMLIN,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

CUTLERY,

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,

SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

☞ Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not lower than they can get them in any other store in the county.

SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

MASONIC HALL.

FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity most readily with

FURNITURE

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on Hand.

Friends and patrons are invited

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

NEW

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

Having recently opened a meat and Vegetable market in

SMETHPORT!

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjoining country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., always on hand.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

Highest market price paid for Hides.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS

This unequalled but powerful and efficient botanic invigorant is daily growing more important as one of those restorative stomachic influences which in a measure sustain the vital powers of the system during the period of weakness and disorder which precedes the development of formidable disease. Every attribute of dyspepsia, biliousness, debility, rheumatism, and kidney complaint is more thoroughly counteracted by this incomparable family preservative and medicinal antagonist, and it is usually even more prompt in the relief which it affords in the primary stages of its action. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

The McKean County Miner.

TRAVELING IN ARKANSAS.

An Unreconstructed Native who was not Ready to Sell all he Knew.

Arkansas Traveler.

"Can you tell me when the train comes along here?" asked a travel-stained man of an old fellow who sat on a pile of oak cross-ties near an Arkansas railroad wood yard.

"Yes, I reckon."

"Sick will you?" asked the traveler, after a pause.

"Yes, reckon I will."

"Well, what time?"

"What time, what, mister?"

"What time does the train come along here?"

"I dunno."

"You said you did."

"Didn't."

"I say you did."

"Say I didn't."

"What did you say?"

"I said I'd tell you when it comes along, an' of both of us is here when she comes I will, but I reckon yer hen ner her pa will as I kno."

"You think you are very smart, don't you?"

"Not now. I was right peart till the steamwater sot in."

"Where do you live?"

"Ten twins' here now."

"Is that your home?"

"Kos."

"Then you don't live here."

"Well, I don't die here, do I? Lungs I'm here I'm livin' here."

"When the train comes do you think I can get on?"

"Yas, if it stops."

"That's what I want to know. Will it stop?"

"I kaint tell now, although I'm allers glad to give a stranger any information in my power."

"When can you tell me?" asked the stranger, evidently thinking that the old fellow was going in search of information.

"When she gets here."

"Now, say, old man, I don't like to be rude in any way, but you are the most provoking person I ever met. I'm in a hurry, and you are not helping me any. Can't you tell me when the train is due?"

"Now, stranger," replied the old fellow, leaning over and tying his shoe, "ef you can talk naighty pattiful, I mus'n say, ef yer was a preacher it would take all the plank in the sawmill to make a mourner's bench big enough for yer church. I'd be a naighty bad man to hold back any cause I've got about this matter, an' bein' as I like yer looks, I'll tell yer every thing that I know about them trains."

"Thank you."

"I expect I know as much about the trains as any man that lives in this community."

"I have no doubt."

"All I know about 'em stoppin' here I'll tell yer."

"Well?"

"Jest like this. Sometimes they stop an' sometimes they don't. That's all I know."

"I'm inclined to jump on you and maul you."

"Better walk to the station, stranger, than ter try that game. The last man who tried it hain't been able ter 'tend the family sence."

"Well, how far is it to the next station?"

"Which way: thiner way or thatther?" (pointing).

"Either."

"Well I reckon they's 'bout same distance."

"How far?"

"Blame 'f know."

"Can't stand this. Come over here and I'll kick you."

"Well, of yer wanter whup me wouldn't I wanter be whupped, you'd better come over here."

"I can do it, and don't you ever forget it."

"Well, of yer do, I ain't apt to forget it."

"I'll try it any way," and taking off his coat a bottle fell out.

"Hole on. What yer got in the bottle?"

"Whisky."

"Then there's no use in fightin'," said throwing out a quid of tobacco he pumped across the track, took a drink, and said:

"Train ain't likely to stop here."

Took another drink.

"Cleanest station down this way."

Another drink.

"Three miles."

Another.

"Make it better. Two an' a half."

Still another.

"Go down there, an' them niggers will take yer on a hand car. Good day. Capt'n. Watch yer well. Ef yer'd mounced yer principles in the first place ther wouldn't been any argyin."

Why suffer longer from dyspepsia, indigestion, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, malaria, bilious attacks, fevers, etc? Brown's Iron Bitters never fail to cure these diseases. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as belching, heartburn, biliousness, etc. Remember it is the only iron preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Ask your druggists concerning its merits.

A New Telephone Girl.

There is a new girl in the telegraph office now and she is a very fine young woman. "Hello!" called a subscriber the other morning. "Hello!" came the answer. "Give me the National New Haven Bank," he said. "What?" "Give me the National New Haven Bank," he said. "Get out! Do you want the earth? How can I give you a bank? I ain't got 10 cents to my name," and she knocked the connecting link clear across the office and began beaming "Over the Garden Wall."

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old-enough remedy, Mrs. S. Brown's Elixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." Who can name another medicine with such a record as this. Dr. Hunter's Blackberry Balsam are another great medicine and Arnica and Oil Liniment is just what it is recommended to be. For sale by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa.

Drano an altercation at the Eagle hotel, Corry, on New Year's day, James R. Brown was struck on the head, receiving injuries from the effects of which he died on Thursday following. Andrew Webber, the proprietor, and Chris Hoenstine, the bartender, have been arrested and held to bail.

The Postal Appropriation Bill.

The house postoffice committee organized Monday morning and decided to hold regular meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays. Mr. Randall says that it is essential for the sub-committee in charge of the pension appropriation bill that at the end of the current fiscal year there will be a surplus in the pension fund of about $45,000,000. In consequence of this Chairman Randall says the committee on appropriations will endeavor to pass a bill appropriating $35,000,000, to be added to the amount unexpended at the end of the year, making an aggregate amount of about $70,000,000 for the payment of pensions during the next fiscal year. Mr. Randall thinks this amount will be all that is necessary for the use of the commissioner of pensions. His object in reducing the appropriation, he says, is simply to avoid the necessity of carrying a surplus into the following year.

Mr. B. S. Rehrdel, Bellam, Pa. says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and was much pleased with the result.

Swords and Names.

The owner of a soap factory, who had been complained of for maintaining a nuisance, was terribly put out at the charge, and explained to the Court: "Your Honor, the others complained of chemical exhalations." "But here are twenty complaints." "Yes, but I have worked in my factory for the last fifteen years, and I'll take my oath I cannot detect any sensible." "As a rule, prisoner," replied the Judge, as he sharpened his spectacles on his beard by, "the best names are on the outside of soap factories. You are fined $25 and costs."

Wonderful Cures.

The press of the country is filled with wonderful cures which have been effected through the agency of some well-tried remedy, immediately coming into use. Some of these have some foundation, but a great number have no better base than the mighty imagination of the writer. The following case, however, is without exaggeration, and anyone is given the privilege of writing to the subscribers and judge of it for themselves. Many, Pa.

DR. HARTMAN—I cannot but feel it my duty to express, before your departure from our city, my thanks for the great benefit I received from the use of your medicine Peruna. One bottle placed me square on my feet, after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed and town left me lame and crippled. Three days from the commencement of Peruna's cure my remedy the cause and the present with, and in a week I was perfectly well. N. J. Wenner,

Business Agent Evening Herald, Erie.

For a pamphlet on the "Ills of Life," address Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, they will send it free of charge.

A Sheriff's sale in the hands of John Moyer, a bad, of Silver Spring township, Cumberland county, accidentally exploded one day last week, instantly killing a cousin of the same name who was in company with him.

Rheumatic Sufferers.

BRICKERT, N. Y., Mar. 20, 1882.

For the benefit of those who may be suffering from rheumatism I make the following statement in relation to your Rheumatic Syrup: I had been suffering severely for six weeks with rheumatism all through my whole body. Spent many sleepless nights, for I could not turn myself in bed, nor raise my hands to my head. My wrists were so swollen I could not bend them without causing terrible pain, when I was persuaded by a friend to try your Rheumatic Syrup. Have been taking it three weeks and find myself able to be up and around the house, and improving so rapidly that I feel as if I could safely recommend it to all those so afflicted. Yours Resp'y,

Miss A. E. GOODELL

DANIEL SHAW of Troy, N. Y., was a most unfortunate being. When a boy he had his skull crushed by the kick of a mule. Subsequently he had a frightful experience with a circular saw, cutting off his right hand. He was struck by three trains, and had an eye knocked out. Three wells caved in on him. He had fits, and during an attack fell on a red hot stove. Four times he was bitten by dogs. A coal wagon ran over him and crushed his legs. Once a house fell on him. On New Year's day he had a fit on a railroad track, and an incoming train finished him.—Troy Times.

Another County Heard From.

Mr. G. T. DENNIS, Bear Sir—I purchased a bottle of your Green Blood, Liver and Kidney Cure one year ago for my daughter, 13 years, whose head was covered with scrofulous sores from her birth, which has taken them all off. I wish to publish this testimonial for the benefit of those afflicted with Scrofula, hoping that it may be the means of introducing a genuine remedy for Scrofula. All kidney and liver troubles are promptly relieved by its use. Ask your druggist to order for you or order direct from the proprietor.

O. T. DENNIS,
Prentiss Vale,
McKean Co., Pa.

A Lad Killed While Coasting.

LANCASTER, Jan. 7.—Christian Hostland, a bright ten-year old boy, was killed yesterday near his home at Landisville while coasting on a hill near the Landisville camp-meeting grounds. His sled ran against a fence, the boy getting up and walking to the nearest house, but his injuries were of such a nature that he died in less than three hours from the time he received them.

At Home and Abroad.

At church and theatre, in the counting house and work-room, in fact everywhere whose is heard that hacking cough which soon developes into congestion or inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. Be wise in time. Immediate relief and cure can be cheaply obtained. Hamilton's Cough Syrup will surely give you relief from those throat and lung troubles that often terminate in death. Instant relief in croup, and a sobriser of whooping cough. Your consumptive friend will be greatly benefitted. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. P. Richmond & Son.

UNLESS clothes, old friends are more solid than new ones.

Why Waste Time and Money

On that which does no good. Your children have worms and are cross, always hungry, sleepless, puny and weak from the presence of worms in the stomach which prevents the food being taken up to nourish the body. Parmelee's Santonine Worm candies will dissolve and remove the worms and then all will be well. Your cases do better by your physicians than to attend to their health. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. P. Richmond & Son.

A man of heart is stronger against hate than against indifference.

Eating and Starving.

It is all the same, for you are sure to suffer from piles. No more tortures can be compared to Blind or Itching piles as unequalled for annoyance, but by a few applications of Parmelee's Pile Salve prudences they entirely disappear. This boon is often removed to by physicians for the removal of protruding piles, but such humanity is not a necessity for Parmelee's Pile Ointment will relieve and cure in the privacy of home, quickly, painlessly, and at a trifling cost. Warranted to cure. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. P. Richmond & Son.

LOCAL NOTICE.

No other pill could take the place of Dr. Day's Liver Pills should one throw Mrs. P. Strelpy, Whitestown, Pa.

There are changes in every career, but of the theatre all is lottery.

Wheat Pine Pectoral | Heal Gingseng, for hard and feverish hoofs. Sold by E. P. Richmond & Son. Price 25 cts.

Three hundred and thirty-nine miles of railway were built in Pennsylvania in 1883.

Dr. Day's Liniment helped me home's lameness at once; other kinds had failed. Chas. Brown, Brandycamp, Pa.

JOHN ROACH, the great shipbuilder, of Philadelphia, denies the report that he contemplates retiring from the business.

I was bilious and nearly sick; half a box of Dr. Day's Liver Pills cured me. G. W. Nichols, Ridgway, Pa.

THE opinion is growing in London that England will be compelled to accept the direct responsibility of the governing of Egypt.

As a general restorative, and to stop nervous dreams and lying awake, nothing can equal Dr. Day's Stomach & Nerve Tonic.

TOWARDS the middle of our lives all the passions and all the thoughts finish by gravitating together and ending in a simple one.

PEOPLE going on a journey should never leave home, or think of it, without a bottle of Joseph's Oil with them. Only 25 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

WE can conceive that a philosopher should deserve fortune in order to know if he would be enough of a philosopher to support it.

If you have a cough go at once and get a bottle of Sheriff's Excelsior Cough Syrup and save a doctor bill. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

TONIC Laxative Hops Powders, the only guaranteed purely vegetable powder in the market, put up in tin cans. Price 25cts. Sold by E. P. Richmond & Son.

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One to three bottles will cure Rheumatism in its worst form.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running Ulcers.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure any case of Salt Rheum.

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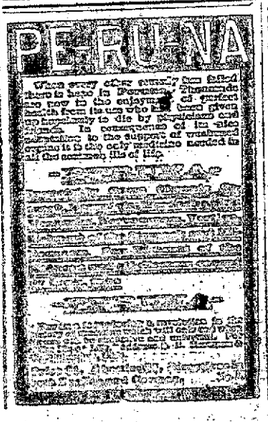

BE RUNA

When some of the remedies fail there is hope in Peruna. Thousands owe their enjoyment of perfect health to its use. Many have been saved from death by its timely use. In consequence of their fearful effects upon the system, mercury and potash will be found to be the only medicine needed in the mercurial ills of life.

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JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all of such work as belongs to the trade. All work warranted. I have also on hand a fine Assortment of

Clothing, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Main Street.

JOHN DIGEL'S

MARBLE WORKS.

Monumental and Mantel Designs

Executed in the Best Style from either

MARBLE OR SLATE

Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

SIBLEY'S SEEDS

FOR ALL CLIMATES, ALL SOILS, ALL CROPS.

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